

14  
The Famous, Pleasant, and Delightful  
**HISTORY**

OF  
**Ornatus and Artelia:**

CONTAINING

Their Crosses and Success in Love, caused by Prince  
*Lenon*, Son to *Theon* King of *Phrygia*.

Being a History entertaining with Variety of strange Adven-  
tures, relating to Love and Arms. Shewing how, after  
many great Disappointments, Miseries, and Misfortunes,  
the Two Lovers were happily Married, and Crowned by  
the general Consent of the Nobles, King and Queen of the  
Country.

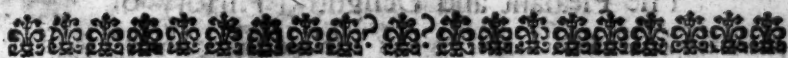


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THE  
Famous, Pleasant, and Delightful HISTORY  
OF  
**Ornatus and Artesia.**

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CHAP. I.

*How Ornatus first saw and fell in Love with Artesia, who refused his Suit. How he disguised himself in Female Apparel, and got to wait on her by the Name of Sylva. How Adalena prosecuted Ornatus's Love, and was checked for it; and of the Death of Arbastus, Father to Artesia, slain as he was hunting in the Forrest.*

**I**N the Renowned City of *Phrygia*, Famous throughout the World for many memorable Things, dwell Two Noble Families, who from an entire Friendship fell to mortal Hatred, upon the Death of the Brother of *Alinus*, the Head of one of the Families, falsely suggested to be treacherously murdered by *Arbastus* the Head of the other. The first of these had a Son of manly Courage, Vertuous and comely of Personage, and the latter had a fair and beautiful Daughter: The Young Man was named *Ornatus*, and the Lady, *Artesia*.

When one Day it happened as *Ornatus* went by the River to try his Hawk at a Flight, *Artesia*, who had scattered from her Father, and the rest of the Company, came weary, and alighting from her Horse sat down to rest on one side the Thicket, where *Ornatus* was reposed on the other, and opening her naked Breasts to let in the cool Air, he with that Sight, and the charming Beauty of her Face, was so ravished, that his Eyes were riveted on so delightful a Sight; so that not minding his Hawk, he fluttered on his Fitt, and by the ringing of his Bells, made the Virgin start, and closing her Breasts, mounted her Horse, and hastened away with all the speed imaginable; but she left her Image so firmly fixed in his Heart, that he was restless till he found who she was, and grieved that she was Daughter to his Father's Enemy. Yet Love

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prevailing over all Obstacles, he was resolved to pursue his Suit, and bribed one *Adalena*, an aged Gentlewoman, who frequented *Arbafus's* House, and was dear to *Artesia*, to manage his Suit: But in attempting and speaking in his Praise, she found her so offended with that and his Letters she brought, that she was constrained plainly to tell him she durst not sollicit in his Behalf any farther.

This unwelcome News struck him into a deep Melancholy, and for a time he struggled with his Love; but in vain; for the more he laboured to cast off that Fever, the more it prevailed. He then studied many ways how to attain his Desire, though at the greatest hazard even of his Life. At length he resolved to put on rich Female Attire, and so by one means or other to get into *Arbafus's* Service, that he might be near his lovely charming Mistress, and often view her rare Perfections, and perhaps by this means, more likely than any other, insinuate into her Favour. So leaving his Father's House privately, he conveyed the Garments, and his Lute with him, into a neighbouring Wood, where he changed Apparel, leaving his own covered in Bushes, that they might not be found, to give occasion to trace his Steps; and so going to the Sea-side hard by, he sat on the crag of a Rock, and played so sweetly on his Lute, that it drew an aged Shepherd thither, who seeing a fair Damsel, as he supposed, in such a lonesome Place, demanded the Cause of her being in such a solitary Circumstance. *Ornatius* told him, his Name was *Sylva*, of a far Country, and being Shipwrecked, the Favour of Heaven had drove her (for so, mostly, for a time I must call him) on that Coast, forlorn and destitute of Friends. The aged Man taking Compassion on a Stranger, and such a one as she seemed to be, desired her not to sit there exposing her Body to the bleak Winds, but go with him, and accept what his homely Cottage might afford, till Fortune was more kind.

The counterfeit *Sylva* accepted this Offer, and went with him, where the aged Matron of the House heartily welcomed her, and set on the Board such Viſuals as they had, of which she eat, and continued there some Days, till, as she could wish, *Arbafus* being a hunting, was driven by a violent Storm, to shelter in this Cottage, and seeing so beautiful a Virgin, (as he supposed) richly arrayed, first wondred, and then demanded who she was; They told him all they knew. Then addressing himself to *Sylva*, he said, Fair Lady, I understand from these aged People, your Misfortunes; and your Deportment shews you to be of Quality: Therefore if you will accept of an Entertainment in my House till you can send into your own Country, or find a favourable Passage thither, I have an only Daughter that would be glad of so fair a Companion, and to her  
This unexpected Opportunity of approach-



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ing Happiness, made *Sylva's* Heart leap for Joy; but smothering it from breaking out, as much as she could, after some Excuses, with much Modesty, she accepted the Proffer; and having given the poor Shepherdess a Piece of Gold for her Entertainment, she mounted behind *Arbassus*, who carried her immediately to his House, and presented her to *Artesia*, who embraced her with a Kiss, upon the Relation her Father had made; and so leaving them together, he returned to pursue his Pleasure.

*Artesia*, who little knew who she had contracted a Familiarity withal, took every Day more and more Delight in *Sylva's* Company, often walking in the Garden. *Sylva* played on her Lute, and charmed the fair Maid into a pleasant Slumber, and so by stealth imprinted balmy Kisses on her Lips. In the mean while, *Ornatus* being missing, great Search was made for him, but in vain. This gave his Father a Suspicion that some of *Arbassus's* Family had layed wait for him in the Wood, murder'd, and privately bury'd him, which made him tear his snowy Hair, and greatly lament his Loss, till he was almost distracted and at his Wits end. The News at length came to *Adalena's* Ears, who overwhelmed with Sorrow at the Report, could not forbear to haste to *Arbassus's* House, and acquaint *Artesia* with it: At her coming, she found her and *Sylva* in the Garden, coming up to her, with Eyes bedewed with Tears, she said, *Ab, Madam, what has your Cruelty done? you have ruined the Hopes of a flourishing Family! Poor Ornatus loved you so well, that now for your sake he has wandred none knows whither; nay, perhaps his Despair has driven him to worse Extreams; for when he parted from me last, his Countenance spoke his Despair, and threatned some dreadfull Consequences of it, and I wish Lady, when this comes to be known, that it do's not reflect on your Honour, and the great Repute of Vertue you have gained.*

*Artesia* hearing her speak this, smartly, and with much Earnestness said, Sure, *Adalena*, your Age makes you doat: If *Ornatus* did love me as you say, Is he not my Father's Enemy? And must I be constrained to Love every one that will fall in Love with me? Am not I free to dispose of my self? Therefore name this no more to me, as you tender my Displeasure, and to be banished our House for ever. She had proceeded, but a hasty Messenger, whose Countenance spoke sad News, brake off the Discourse; and whilst the disguised *Ornatus* was musing what would be the Issue of his Undertaking, the Messenger broke Silence in these Words.

*Ab, Madam! summon all your Courage to your Aid, for I bring you the dismallest Tydings that ever pierc'd your Ears: Your dear Father is found murdered in the Forrest: some wicked Villain, as b*

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strayed from his Company in hunting, way-layed and killed him. Upon this Relation all the Blood in *Artesia's* lovely Face forsook it, she sunk pale in *Sylva's* Arms, and fetching a deep Sigh, fell into a deadly Swoon. *Adalina* immediately run to fetch Remedies to recover her, whilst *Sylva* wept over her, chafed her Temples, and impressed Kisses on her cold Lips. At last she recovered, when uttering grievous Cries and Groans, they conveyed her to her Chamber.

### C H A P. II.

*How Fleretus, Uncle to Artesia, visiting her, mistaking Ornatus by the Disguise, fell in Love with him, and told him how he slew Arballus, and designed to Poison Artesia. How he discovered the Treachery to her, and made himself also known; by which means he succeeded in his Love, and removed her out of Danger to Adalena's House.*

SCARCE was *Artesia* in her Chamber before *Fleretus* her Uncle came dissemblingly to comfort her, bidding her be of good cheer, and bear



this great Affliction with Courage, for he would be a Father to her, and seek out with all speed the Murderers, and bring them to severe Punishment. But her great Grief cast her into a violent Sickness, under which

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which a long time she laboured, whilst *Sylva* constantly attended her with all the good Offices that might be done to oblige her; and *Fleretus* coming often to visit her, having taken upon him to rule all things in the House, often contemplating the Beauty of *Sylva*, he fell desperately in Love with her, and made many Signs of his Passion; which she being unable to grant, not minding him, he at last finding her alone in the Garden Walks, after kind and courteous Salutations, told her how much he was her Servant, and that he viewing her rare Beauties, was constrained to love her, pouring out abundance of Love Expressions, and rudely forcing many Kisses, which *Sylva* thought it not convenient to resist, for fear of being discovered, but modestly reply'd, Sir, you say you love me; but I being no Fortune, and you having no Estate, it was better not to Marry together, but to match either of us elsewhere to advance our selves; for I have heard, Love in Poverty soon grows cold. No Fortune, replied he, nor no Estate! Why, my dearest *Sylva*, if you will make me rich in your Love, it is all the Fortune I require; and as for Estate, all that was *Arbastus's* shall be thine, and that is plentiful enough. Ay, but replied she, should I grant you my Love, how can that be, since *Artesia* is his Heir? No, no my dearest, said he, I have not waded so far already as to stop here; she shall be removed that stands in my way to thy Love, and since I Love thee so well that I dare trust thee with Secrets that concern my Life, this Hand slew my Brother, thrusting him through with a Javelin, and to colour the Murder, I have lay'd it upon *Alinus's* Family; and as for *Artesia*, I will take a Way to dispatch her, and then thou shalt be Mistress of me, and all this fair Estate. The Disguised *Ornatus* trembled at this Wickedness discovered in his Love, and conceived inward Horror; nevertheless thought fit, the better to save *Artesia*, and ingratiate himself with her to dissemble with him, and seem to yield, till a fit Opportunity offered to prevent further Mischief. So it was agreed between them, that *Artesia* should be sent to a Country-House, about a Mile from the City, under Pretence of Recovering her Health more perfectly, and *Sylva* attending her, should administer the Fatal Dose.

To be brief, she went to the Country-House, and *Sylva* with her; when one Day sleeping, she started out of a frightful Dream and said, O, dear *Sylva*, do not poison me! and then told her Dream to that purpose. *Sylva* thinking this a fit Opportunity to discover all, kneeling, said, Madam, Can you conceive so great a Wickedness to lodge in my Breast who tender your Life dearer than my own? But if you will lend your Ears with Patience to bear it, and for your own dear Safety give Credit to my Words, I can tell you of some such Design there is on foot, to take away your precious Life: Your wicked Uncle falling in Love with me,

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were with his Passion, told me he was the Man that slew your Father for his Estate, and was resolv'd to rid you out of the World, who now are the only Obstacle to hinder him from it. May I believe this? said *Artesia*, trembling and looking pale. You may, *Madam*, said *Sylva*; by all the Gods, and by your precious Life, more dear to me than all this lower World, it is nothing but Truth I tell you, and least he should have employ'd some wicked hand, I undertook to give you the fatal Dose that I might have means to prevent it. If this be true, how can I be confident I am not now in Danger, seeing you say he makes Love to you? How can I tell but that Love may prompt you to do things that are not consistent with Vertue? Besides, the great Estate my Death will afford, may be another Motive. Ah, dear *Madam*, said *Sylva*, if you knew but how dear your Life is to me, above all the Loves and Riches in the World, nay all the Lives in it beside, you would not suspect I dared to injure you. Look on me again, and pity me, who in your Cause will be proud to lose my Life. My Love to you, sweet Lady, has made me appear what I am not; I am that wretched *Ornatus* you despise, and would still have conceal'd my self, and suffered in silence, had not Danger approach'd you so near; but since it does, my Life, and the Credit I have in the World, you may rely on for your sure Defence.

*Artesia* at this Speech started and stood amazed, blushing at the Familiarity she had ignorantly given and received. But whilst her Astonishment lasted, *Adalena* came to them, which somewhat revived her Courage. You say, *Adalena*, said she, you know *Ornatus*. I do *Madam*, replied she, and wish I had not, since such a Noble Pattern of Vertue is lost to our Country, that grieves my poor Heart even to Death at the Thoughts of his Sufferings. Nay be not so grieved, said she, look upon *Sylva* earnestly, Does she resemble that *Ornatus* you speak of and praise so much, in any Feature? The Aged Lady upon this eying seriously the Lineaments of his Face, cried out, The Gods be praised! he is not so miserable as I thought he had been; this is *Ornatus* in Disguise. Then she embraced him, and both shed Tears. But when *Adalena* heard the Treachery of *Floresus*, she advis'd that *Artesia* should be privately conveyed to her House, where she would conceal her till any Storm that should happen on this Occasion should be blown over; but first with many Perswasions, she made them plight their Faith and Troth to each other. *Artesia* now knowing the great Love *Ornatus* bore her, by the Respect and Submission in all things he had shewed her at all times, and over and above, she was sure he was innocent of her Father's Death, and that what he related was true, which now she little doubted had prevented her Death; and so the Lodge

being

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being left, she committed her self to the Care of faithful *Adalena*, but *Ornatus* staid at the Lady's in the same Disguise, to learn farther of *Fleretus* what Course he intended to take, that being sounded, his Mischiefs might be the easier prevented : But this proved unfortunate to the Lovers, as hereafter will appear.

### CHAP. III.

*How Prince Lenon, Son to Theon, King of the Country, hearing of Artesia's Beauty, came to visit her ; and how Fleretus, to hide his Guilt, accused the Disguised Ornatus of Poisoning her ; but Fleretus confessing Arbastus's Death on his Accusation before the King, was beheaded, and Ornatus banished into Anatolia.*

IN the Evening *Fleretus* came to the Lodge, and brought a Dose of Poison with him, delivering it to *Sylva*, for that Name yet *Ornatus* agreed to go by, telling her it would effectually work her Death and no outward Signs appear ; however, if she could bury her secretly, it would be the better ; and then began he to persecute her with his Love, telling what Mountains she should enjoy ; and so left her, promising to come again the next Morning, which he punctually did ; *Sylva* then told him with some reluctancy his Love had made her obey his Commands, though somewhat cruel : At this he rejoiced, thinking with himself, that when he had married *Sylva* and satisfied his Lust with sullyng her Beauty, he would send her the same way, that she should tell no Tales, and then get a Rich Fortune, answerable to his Estate. But whilst these Cogitations lasted, there was heard a Thundering and Rapping at the Gares, and trampling of Horses, which made him start, thinking his Wicked Practices were already discovered.

This proved to be *Lenon*, Son to *Theon*, King of the Country, who having heard by Fame of *Artesia's* admirable Beauty, came to pay her a Visit, that he might be an Eye-witness, whether it was true or not. *Fleretus* no sooner saw him, but he went to wait on him, and usher him in ; but when he asked for *Artesia*, saying he came purposely to see her, *Fleretus*, who verily supposed her poisoned, was much astonished, and made many Excuses, first, that she was sick, but when he desired to see her however, he said she was absent, and ran into so many Stories, contradicting one another, that the Prince thinking himself slighted, grew impatient and enraged, swearing he would see her where-ever she was, before he returned to his Father's Palace, saying, he was come a Lover, and if he liked the Lady, he would take her without any



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Dowry, and would freely give him all that her Father had enjoyed to support the Credit of the Family. This displeased and pleased him. He would however have put the Prince off till another time ; but seeing it could not be done without enraging him more, he began to be almost at his Wits end, as fearing all would come out. He said, *Truly, my Lord, I am but just come to this Place, and know little how my Kinswoman does, or where she is ; but I will go up and enquire, that I may be able to bring you word to your Satisfaction.* And so departing, he went to *Sylva's* Chamber, telling her that now she need not give *Artesia* the Poison, for the Prince of *Phrygia* was fallen in love with her, and in Requital for furthering his Suit, he would freely bestow upon him all her Father's Estate, so that with less Guilt you may enjoy it with me. *Why, my Lord,* answered *Sylva*, *certainly your Love to me makes you deaf and forget your self. I told you the Deed was done ; the beautiful Artesia has taken the Poison, is dead, and I have buried her secretly.* How ! said he, chafing furiously, *then, thou vile Woman ! thou hast ruined me, for which thou shalt die.* Thereupon drawing his Dagger, thinking to kill her, to prevent the Murther coming to light, he ran furiously at her. *Ornatus* feeling the Wound in his Arm, with which he defended his Body, summoned his Courage and Manhood, and had killed *Fleretus* with his own Dagger, which he wrested from him, had not his Outcries brought Prince *Lenon* thither to his Rescue, who suddenly stepping between him and Death, enquired into the Cause of this Outrage. *Fleretus* thinking now rather to accuse than be accused, said, *Great Prince, this vile Woman, to whose Care I trusted Artesia, has poisoned her.* To which the counterfeited *Sylva* replied, if she had done it, it was by his Command, who gave her the Poison, and ordered her to do it.

The Prince greatly astonished and perplexed at this, caused them both to be carried Prisoners to the City, that his Father might hear and determine the Matter, where, upon Examination, *Fleretus's* Conscience accusing him, he confessed that he had murdered his Brother *Arbastus*, and did counsel and design the Death of *Artesia*, for which he was sentenced immediately to lose his Head : But *Sylva*, being a Stranger, and as the King supposed by what he heard, in a manner compelled by him to poison *Artesia*, her Doom was changed into Banishment, and being delivered to certain Moors, she was hurried on Ship-board, no Excuse prevailing, and carried to *Natolia*, and there set on shoar ; for indeed *Ornatus* had rather have suffered any thing than to have lost his loved Lady, which he supposed he had done, if he had discovered the Place of her Abode.

*Artesia* hearing no News from *Ornatus*, who promised to come to her that Evening, sent *Adalena* to know the Cause of the Delay, who found the Servants in much Sorrow and Perplexity, who (upon her Demand) briefly told her all that had passed: With which heavy News she returned to *Artesia*, who upon the Relation of it swooned away; but in a little time coming to her self, greatly lamented the Danger her Lover was exposed to, and with a flood of Tears demanding *Adalena's* Advice what was to be done in such a Straight, where Danger of Death so imminently threatened the Repose of all her Happiness, it was agreed that *Adalena* should go to the Prince and discover where she was, to clear *Ornatus* of her Death. She did so, and the Prince was overjoy'd to hear it, but withall told her that *Sylva* was sent away and past recal, but was exceeding glad *Artesia* was alive, and resolved to go with her to pay her a Visit, but found her comfortless and dejected, at which he much grieved, pouring out all the Words of Comfort he could, and promising to send after and recal *Sylva*, if not past recovery; and so he left her, charging *Adalena* on her Life not to let her be missing when he came again: So for a while I must leave him and the sorrowful Lady shedding many Tears, and follow *Ornatus* into his Banishment.

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#### C H A P. IV.

*How Ornatus slew a mighty Boar that destroyed the People of the Country, and fought with a Knight that would have took the Head from him, leaving him for dead in the Forrest, and putting on his Armour, the strange Love-Adventure be thereby discovered. How Allienus was ruined for rescuing Artesia from him, and she taken by Pyrates, and the Miseries she suffered, and by what means recovered.*

**O***rnatus* being set on shore in a wild desert Place, lamented much his Separation from his dear *Artesia*, till at last Hunger compelled him to seek wild Fruits in a Forrest near at hand; which he had not done long e're a horrid Boar, with Bristles like Spears, and fiery Eyes, came rushing towards him, who being weaponless, ascended a Tree on which grew a somniferous wild Apple. The Boar at this whetted his huge Teeth against the Tree, and by horrible grunting shewed great Rage and Thirst for his Blood; whereupon *Ornatus* threw him down plenty of the Apples, which he eat greedily, till gorged, he fell asleep: Then he descended the Tree, and with a Knife he had reserved, bereaved him of Life; then separated his Head from his Body, as thinking the bearing it might do him some Credit in the Country; for he

perceived by the many Bones of Men scattered about the Forrest, that the Boar had done much Mischief. He therefore cut a sharp Stake, and placed the Head upon it; but coming to the Verge of the Forrest, a Knight in green Armour, well mounted and armed, met him, and demanded the Head: But *Ornatus* (still in Woman's disguise) denied to deliver it; whereupon he alighted to force it from him; but he said, *Dis-courteous Knight, the Prize is mine, and I will defend it*; when a fierce Combate began between them, the Knight with his Sword, and *Ornatus* with his Stake, till in the end *Ornatus* with mighty Blows laid him as dead, which somewhat grieved him; yet Necessity urging it, he put off his Woman's Apparel, put on the Knight's Armour, and mounted his Horse, bearing the Boar's Head till he came to the Gates of a Town, where he was met with Shouts and Songs, the People crying, *Welcome from ViTory, Valiant Alprinus, our Deliverer, who hast subdued and slain the Enemy of our Country!* Then a Beautiful Virgin, followed by many more, came playing on Cymbals; and she crowning him with a Garland of Flowers, led him to the Senate House, where the Ancients were Assembled; there he was welcomed, and they pronounced him pardon of Life, and gave him the Lady to be his Bride, whose Name was *Lucinda*; but he taking a private Opportunity, discovered to her that he was not *Alprinus*, but that finding him wounded, and flying before the Boar, he had slain the Beast, and rescued his Life, leaving him in a Hermits Cell to be Cured, and at his Desire that his Valour might not be suspected, had thus personated him, till he was able to appear himself. This made the Lady shed many Tears, and desire *Ornatus* to go to him and comfort him, and that her self would be with him the next Morning with such Necessaries as he might stand in need of, and in the mean while she would excuse his Absence to her Father. *Ornatus* thinking *Alprinus* slain, was glad of this Opportunity to make his escape; but on his way he met an aged Hermit, who, after reproaching him for his Cruelty, and he excusing it with much Sorrow, told him, to his great joy, *Alprinus* was not dead, but in a fair way of Recovery, by his help, at his Cell, desiring him to go and see him: Which he did, and telling him what good Office he had done him with *Lucinda*, the wounded Knight rose up and embraced him, blaming himself for his Rashness, and begging his Pardon, whom he had mistaken for a Woman. The next Morning, *Lucinda*, knowing the Hermit, came with Provisions and Medicines, and after some Tears of Joy, and Embraces, they departed all together to the Town, and *Alprinus* marry'd *Lucinda* with great Triumphs, though *Ornatus* still grieved to be separated from *Artesia*, but by the means of *Alprinus*, got soon after shipping for *Phrygia*. Now note,

This *Alprimus* was condemned to die for unfortunately killing *Lucinda's* Brother in justing, but she having an exceeding Love for him, prevailed with her Father who governed that Town, that his Life should be spared, when condemned, on condition he killed the Boar that destroyed the Country, and as a Reward of his Victory, have her to Wife; and to that end he came to the Forrest when he met *Ornatius* in disguise with the Boar's Head.

Whilst *Ornatius* was in *Natolia*, Prince *Lenon* pursued his Suit to fair *Artesia*, and though he tried all gentle ways, found her obstinate to hearken to his Proposals. He at last resolved to use other Means, commanding two of his Servants to take her from *Adalena's* House by force and carry her to his in the *Green Forrest*, delivering her into the Custody of *Flera*, an aged Gentlewoman, whom he had appointed to receive her, and be her Guardian. This they punctually obeyed; but all the old Woman's Perswasions, and golden Offers, could work nothing on her to yield *Lenon* her Love; for she most commonly answered in Tears and Sighs, and greatly afflicted her self for *Ornatius's* Absence. *Lenon* here payed her many Visits, but found her inflexible; nor could the Threats of *Flera* to take her Life, often putting a sharp Knife to her Throat, move her Constancy.

Whilst these things passed, *Allienus* being made acquainted by *Adalena* of his Son's Love to *Artesia*, and his Banishment for her sake, glad that he was however alive, promised to rescue her from *Lenon's* Power, which, with five or six of his Servants, the next Evening, he did; but crossing the Country, to avoid being met, he fell in with a Band of Pirates come on shore to plunder and steal Cattle, who took her from him, much wounded him, and forcibly carried her aboard their Ship. However, the Prince had soon notice that *Allienus* had taken her from the *Green Forrest*, and with a revengeful Fury and armed Force, broke open his Castle, and sent him in Chains to the Court, searching every Place, but could not find her; wherefore he charged him, before his Father, with murdering of her, and being known to be her Father *Arbasus's* mortal Enemy, it gained such Credit, though he made a free Confession of all that happened, that he was sent to Prison laden in Irons, his Estate seized, his Lady and Servants turned out a begging, and he every day in Danger of Death. But whilst he continued in this deplorable Condition, *Ornatius*, by the help of *Alprimus*, got shipping for *Phrygia*, and landed safe; but when he heard the woful News of his Family's Misery, and Mistress's Loss, he was ready to die with Sorrow; many grievous Complaints he made, that upon his account so many Miseries had fallen one upon the neck of another: He resolved at length, at any Hazard to release his Father; and therefore knowing that  
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the People generally loved his Family, he conferred about it with one *Tharins*, a bold desperate Man, who soon raised Multitudes in Mutiny, who made the King and his Son fly the Palace, and plundered it, committing great Spoil; then they took *Allienus* out of Prison, but he after such Outrage, not caring to trust the King's Mercy, travelled into *Armonia*, with some of his Servants; but *Ornatus*, who had not made himself known to him, resolved to go in Search of *Artesia*, and understanding where she had been taken away from his Father, he began his Search there first. But the Pyrates, as is said, had carried her away, and far from thence put in their Ship among certain rocky islands, where they laid up their Prizes; when landing, *Lupretus* their Captain,



beholding *Artesia's* admirable Beauty, fell deeply in love with her, entreating the rest that she might be his Prize; but the rest not agreeing, and being ready to Mutiny, at length it was agreed to cast Lots whose she should be, and the Lot fell to his share, who comforted her, and was very tender of her: But in the end, Provisions failing, the greater part of them were forced to go out in their Ship, and being driven by Storm on the Coast of *Phrygia*, were taken Prisoners, and brought to Court, where, upon Discovery they were the Men that took *Artesia* from *Allienus*, and had her in their Custody, *Lenon* procured their Pardon, and sent them back in safety to fetch her, with Promise of mighty Rewards; but



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but putting in by the way, they found *Ornatus* sleeping on the shore in a Pilgrim's Weed, and carried him by force on board their Ship, and so sailed between the dark Rocks to their Cave or lurking Place, where some few of them remained with the disconsolate Lady. *Ornatus* knew her at the first sight, and inwardly rejoiced, but would not discover himself, but resolved to wait for a favourable Opportunity to get her thence: when the next Day seeing them lead her aboard, weeping, he crowded amongst the rest into the Ship, undiscovered; when scarcely had they launched a League, but a mighty Storm arose, and driving them furiously back against a Rock, the Ship shivered in pieces; but *Ornatus* took care in the hurry to save *Artesia* on a Plank, and safely brought her to shore, comforted and refreshed her in the best wise, drying her wet Garments in the Sun, and doing all the kindly Offices he was able; when immediately appeared a large Ship coming in with full sail, which was one *Lenon* had manned out: For fearing *Artesia's* Beauty might incite the Pirates to falsifie their Words in bringing her, his impatient Love made him follow them with all speed, and landing, sending his Men to search every where about the Coast, at length they found her, and carried the joyful News to their Prince, who hastened thither, and poured out many amorous Expressions to comfort her, but in vain; for the sight of him increased her Sorrow, who had caused her so many Misfortunes; and much ado had he to persuade her to leave those barbarous and dangerous Rocks, only fit to entertain Dens of Thieves. However, she obliged him to take the Pilgrim in company with her, whom she said had saved her from perishing by the violence of the Waves. *Lenon* little thinking who he was, willingly obeyed, and promised largely to reward him for so great a Service; and so they departed, and safely arrived at the Court of *Phrygia*.

## CHAP. V.

*How Ornatus returned from Natolia, found Artesia, and waited on her in the Habit of a Hermit, and by that means delivered her from Lenon's Cruelty. How Allienus returned with Aid from Armenia, to recover his Right; and how, by Ornatus's Valour, Theon was overthrown. With divers other things that happened in and after the Battle, &c.*

**L**Enon still pursued his Love to *Artesia* in the most winning Ways and soft Speeches he could study or invent, but she seemed altogether averse to hearken to them, her Mind being totally fixed on *Ornatus*,

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who was nearer her than she supposed. He heard her bewail his Loss, and often sighed to bear her Company, blaming himself that he contrived no way for her Deliverance, which hereafter she might justly tax him with Cowardice for not attempting. He then considered, though *Theon* was King, and *Lenon* his Son, yet he was of higher Birth than either; for the first of a mean Captain, causing the Army to mutiny against his King, had murdered him, and usurped the Throne; and seeing his Love was likewise in the Balance, it might not be thought dishonourable or traitorous in him, to endeavour to depose the one to rescue *Artesia* out of the hands of the other.

Whilst *Ornatus* was meditating on this, *Lenon* coming through the Court, perceived him, at the same time remembring that he was in *Artesia's* Favour, and that himself had promised him a Reward, he called him to him and said, *Good Palmer, if you will undertake to guard the Lady you saved from Shipwrack. till my Return out of the Country, where my Father's Commands carry me from her, against my Will, and let no Injury be done her, but see every thing be provided for her, about which I will give my Servants Order, I will reward you bountifully at my Return.* *Ornatus*, bowing low, undertook this Charge with great willingness, as being at present the only Happiness he could desire, and was soon put in trust with the fairest Jewel in Nature.

*Artesia* was glad she was in his Charge, remembring how cruelly she had been handled by the old Beldam he had before set over her. After Dinner she fell into some Discourse with him about his Travels, and having told her many things, she (sighing) demanded if he had never met or heard of either *Sylva* or *Ornatus*, (for she knew not by which Name he might go,) now absent from her: and when he replied he had heard of both, she started, sometimes blushed, and again looking pale, asking him so many Questions that he was unable to answer her, then wept and sighed again; by which he perceived her entire Affection to him: when, not able to refrain himself, to make her suffer such Agonies of Mind, pulling off his false Beard which disguised him and made him seem much in Years, putting one Knee, to the Ground, he said, *Fair, and most beloved Artesia, behold your Sylva or your Ornatus kneeling before you, and begging Pardon for all the Hardships and Injuries his Love has made you suffer.* Here he paused, whilst she stedfastly gazed on him, knew him, and clasping her Ivory Arms about his Neck, kissed him, in a passionate manner bedewing his manly Cheeks with her precious Tears, saying, *O, my loved Ornatus! are my Eyes blessed in beholding thee again! Thou little knowest what overwhelming Sorrow I have suffered for thy sake.* She would have proceeded, but *Lenon's* Servants coming in with Supper, they were constrained to break off,

off, and compose their Countenances ; but one of the Servants observed so much, that he forgot not to tell his Master of it at his Return, which raised some Suspicion on it, but he would not lightly give heed to it without more certain Observations of his own.

During these Transactions, *Allienus* and *Tharsus* fled into *Armenia*, and solicited *Turbulus*, the King of that Country, to restore them to their Land and Honours ; which he undertook by his Embassadors to do. But *Theon* refusing to give him any Satisfaction, he denounced War, and causing an Army to be levied in his Territories, gave them the Command of his Forces, which shipped in a huge Fleet provided for that purpose, safely landed in *Phrygia*, where *Allienus* being generally beloved of the People, a great many flocked to his Standard, so that he became very formidable ; and *Ornatus* desiring to join his Father, and shew his Manhood on this Occasion, the better to deserve his Mistress's Love, though fore against her Will that he should expose himself to such Danger, got a dear Friend of his (one *Phylastes*) to give him his Armour, and put on his Weeds and false Beard, and in his room wait on and secure *Artesia* from Danger ; and she made acquainted with *Phylastes*'s Faithfulness by *Ornatus*, scrupled not to entertain him ; and so *Ornatus* took a loving Leave, and departed in *Phylastes*'s Armour to King *Theon*'s Camp, where he was taken for the Man the Armour represented, and Five thousand Men reduced under his Command ; but tampering with them to revolt in the Battle, he was betrayed to *Lenon*, and sent Prisoner to the City. But *Artesia* shewing more kindness than ever she had done to *Lenon*, on his next Visit, procured his Signet, under Pretence for her own Security, but with a Design to deliver *Ornatus*. She succeeding herein, and *Ornatus* at Liberty, he privately conveyed her thence to *Arbastus*'s Castle, committing her to the Care of her own Servants ; and then with *Phylastes* hastened to his Father's Camp, and found the Armies furiously engag'd ; he saw *Theon* and *Lenon* pressing forward, and making great Slaughter, his Father and the *Armenians* put to the worst ; when he and *Phylastes* charging in like Lightning, or a Thunderbolt from the Clouds, beat down all before them, and in a little time restored the Battle which before grievously swerved ; so that the *Armenians*, who were upon the point of flying, thinking a Number of new Recruits were come, took heart, and returned furiously to the Battle, thinking now or never to be Victorious, and return into their Country with Honour ; so that a piteous Slaughter ensued, which grieved *Ornatus* that his Country-men should lose their Lives in the Quarrel of one who had not well deserved of them, but grievously oppressed them by Tyranny ; therefore he caused the Retreat to be sounded, and challenged *Lenon* to the Combate between both

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Armies, alledging the Wrong he had done the fair *Artesia*, and the whole Country of *Pbrygia*. The Prince who was valiant, declined not to answer it, and advanced with a Look of Defiance; so that a dreadful Combat began between them, many Wounds were received and given, till at last *Lenon* for loss of Blood fell from his Horse as dead. Upon which, *Theon* with his Guards, contrary to Agreement, came rushing in; so that the Accord being broken, the Battle begun as furious as before, and a great Slaughter ensued, in which *Ornatius* did Wonders; so



that the wounded Prince being carried out of the Field, whom all thought to be dead, and *Theon* retiring by reason of the Wounds *Ornatius* had given him, their Men became dismayed, and disorderly fled.

*Theon* finding he had lost the Battle, fled with a hundred of his Followers, and the first Place of Strength he lighted on being *Arbassus's* Castle, he demanded Entrance; but *Artesia* full of Fears that her beloved *Ornatius* was slain, and the Battle went against his Father, commanded her Servants to delay him till she could make her Escape; which she did, attended with one Servant, at a secret Postern which they left open after them, and fled by many winding ways to *Adalena's* House. The aged Gentlewoman was surprized to see her, and they embraced with abundance of Tears, and at more leisure related the Grief and

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and Miseries they had suffered since they last saw each other ; which you have already heard, and therefore I need not again repeat them.

### C H A P. VII.

*How Ornatus after the Battle went to seek Artesia, and found Theon in Possession of the Castle ; by what means he surprized it, and how Theon was slain by one of his own Servants. How he found Artesia at Adalena's House, and the Joy there was between them. How Ornatus and Artesia discovered themselves to the Assembly of Nobles who were about to Elect a King.*

**O**rnatus seeing the Battle won, before he would make himself known to his Father, posted to look after the Safety of fair *Artesia*, but coming to the Castle, soon found it possessed by his Enemy, and all Entrance denied ; which put him into mortal Fears, that either *Artesia* was dishonoured, or made away, he made all the secret Enquiry he could, but could hear no News of her being there, or what was become of her, which grieved him to the Heart, and caused him to make heavy Complaints, that (contrary to her Mind) he had gone to the Wars, and left her succourless. But this little availing, he resolved to return and gather a Strength of his Friends to force his Entrance, and if he found her not there, to compel *Theon* to tell him where she was, or if he had put her to death, or dishonourably used her, to take sharp Revenge ; and soon he returned with Five hundred Men, and sounded his Trumpet before the Gates. *Theon* at this unexpected Alarm, look'd from the Battlements, and demanded who they were that so boldly interrupted him in his Retirement. *Ornatus* as briskly answered it was him that had beaten him from the Field, and was come to drive him from a Place he had no right to possess, (not daring to name *Artesia*, least he should wreck his Revenge on her.) To this he reply'd he was in a strong Fort, and should soon have succour enough to be revenged on his Enemies. Upon this Answer, the impatient *Ornatus* told him if he yielded not, he nor his Followers could expect no quarter, and prepared to storm the Works ; but they being strong, and high, the Assault was in vain, and he came off with some Loss, which greatly perplexed his Mind ; so that walking privately, in much discontent, to see if he could find a more convenient Place to make the Attack, he luckily found the Postern open, by which *Artesia* had fled. This overjoy'd him ; when presently selecting One hundred valiant Soldiers, he entered and came upon the Back of his Enemies, who little expected him ; which so much



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surprized them with Fear, that some threw down their Arms: But *Theon* seeing the last Extremity come, advanced with such as would follow him, to make a stout Resistance. But *Ornatus* declaring that all who resisted should be put to the Sword, without Mercy, one of *Theon's* cowardly Servants thinking to ingratiate himself with the Victory, and get preferment, or Reward, whilst the Parley held, surprizingly run the King through the Body, so that he fell down, and with a terrible Groan breathed out his last. Upon which the rest yielded.

This Arrogance in a Servant made *Ornatus* exceeding wrathful, and to reward his Treachery, though he alledged he did the cruel Act to do him Service, doomed him to be drawn to pieces with wild Horses. Then searching every Corner and dark Place for his beloved Mistress, and not finding her, he made Proclamation if any one could tell where she was, he should be highly rewarded; otherwise all of them should be confined to Dungeons: But on their Knees begging Mercy, protested they had not seen nor heard of any such Lady since their Coming, neither was there any Woman in the Place when they entered it. This more and more perplexed *Ornatus*; but calling to mind he had found the Postern open, which he believed none of them would willingly have left so, he was a little comforted, in hopes she had escaped. He posted then to the *Green Forrest*, but not finding her there, it came into his Head that *Adelena's* House that had formerly been her Sanctuary might be so now, and luckily going thither, he found her in Tears, and doubtful of his Safety.

Their Meeting was so joyful, that Words are poor in expressing it; they both wept for Joy, and strictly embraced each other, unable to speak, since Fortune that had been so long cruel was now turned on their side; *Adelena* rejoiced with them; and the Extasie being over, they fell to consult what was best to be done, and it was agreed they should remove to the City where *Phylastes* brought them, and where the Nobles were in Council to choose a new King in the room of *Theon*, whom they understood was dead. So bravely mounted, they rode thither, and found to their Amazement Prince *Lenan* whom they supposed to have been dead, labouring to get himself promoted to that Dignity. But the Nobles, for the most part, calling to mind his Father's Cruelty, who to secure himself in the Throne, had put all the Blood Royal to death, except *Allienus's* Family, (for *Allienus* had married the Lady *Aura*, Sister to the King, whom *Theon* had deposed and murdered) were against him, and for choosing some other more worthy, wishing that *Ornatus* had been living, or present, who for his Valour and Vertue was worthy of the Crown. At this old *Allienus* wept bitterly, saying, *Their Cruelty has likewise destroyed my Son, whom I have not heard of these Three Years:*

## Ornatus and Artesia.

He fell in love (as since his Departure I heard) with Arbastus's Daughters, to whom also this Lenon pretended, (though the Lady hated him, and loved my Son) and to make his way to her, no doubt, has murdered him: It would do well, my Noble Lords, that he, being present, may be forced to answer to what he knows of this Matter. He was, I know, in his Power, under the borrowed Name of Sylva, and he pretends he was banished. The Lady I rescued from his Castle of the Green Forrest, which brought such Woes on me and the rest of my Family, as none of you are ignorant of. I lost indeed Artesia, and what is become of her I know not. And here he shed a Flood of Tears to move Compassion.

Just as Lenon was going to answer to this Charge, Ornatus, undisguising himself, said, Comfort your self, dear Father; behold your Son Ornatus, who humbly begs Pardon for leaving you in Sorrow, and making you suffer so much for his sake. Nothing but a mighty Love, that is subject to no Laws nor Power but his own, could have made me do it, and the bright Object my Affections were worthily placed on highly deserved it, as You and all this noble Assembly shall be Judges of. Here he whispered Artesia to unveil herself, who till this time had concealed her beauteous Face; which was no sooner seen, but it so dazzled the Assembly, that they all praised and commended his Choice, saying such a Prize was worthy of Danger and Hazard. At this sight Lenon was struck mute, inwardly vexing, not so much for the Loss of a Crown, as for that of his fair Mistress, contriving in his heart how he might murder Ornatus and revenge the Injury he concluded he had done him; but remembering the Restraints and Violence he had put upon Artesia, he hung down his Head, and durst not cast his Eyes on her fair Face. Alliens in the mean while being risen from his Seat, first embraced Artesia, and then his Son, with Tears of Joy; the Lady Aura his Wife, being present, did the like; and there was great rejoicing among the Nobles; so that this Day was afterward accounted as a Festival in Phrygia, in remembrance that after so many Misfortunes and Calamities had befallen the two Lovers, they had overcome them all, and were now in the Possession of each other, almost in the highest Bliss and Felicity they could wish or reasonably desire.

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## C H A P. VIII.

*How the Lords of Phrygia being met to Elect a King, Ornatus discovering himself, with Artesia, was chosen by free Consent. How on his Coronation Day being interrupted by Lenon, he fought and killed him in single Combate, and after was Married to Artesia, Reigning in great Tranquility.*

**T**His great Assembly continuing to meet often to settle the Affairs of the Nation, all at length with one Voice consented to choosse Ornatus King in the Right of his Mother, who was of the Ancient Royal Blood of the Kings of Phrygia, and to banish Lenon for the many Mischiefs he and his Father had caused in the Kingdom. He modestly, at first, refused to take the Crown, saying it belonged to one more worthy than himself; but it being pressed on him by the general Voice, he took it as the Gift of Heaven, and mounting the Chair of State, on the Day prefixed for his Coronation, said,

*My Noble Lords, I heartily thank you for investing me in this high State and Dignity; and since it is your Pleasure to make a free Election of me to be your King, I accept it, partly as my Right, and partly as your Bounty; and since many Offences have happened in Wars and Tumults, I proclaim a general Pardon to all, and entreat, with your good liking, Lenon's Banishment may be revoked, though he has done me many Injuries; but they proceeding from Love, that Power that so much overcame me, could no less overcome him, and therefore the more excusable. Let him Enjoy all that was Arbastus's, since I desire no more than his fair Daughtier, if he behaves himself as he ought and lives quietly, without disturbing the repose of the Kingdom.*

Lenon here interrupting him, saying, *If you take Artesia from me, you take more than her Father's Estate, nay, the whole Kingdom can recompence to me; I am so much injured in that, that I scorn your Mercy, or live on what you are pleased to call your Bounty; but in a voluntary Banishment, far removed from my Native Land, my Sword shall be my Mistress, till by that, and the help of Friends, returning, I take Artesia from you, as more worthy of her, and tear that unbecoming Crown from thy Head.*

This threatening Speech highly offended the Lords, who said he was not fit to live, having despised such proffered Mercy: But Ornatus, a Lover himself, considering the Rage Passion drives others to, calmed him with gentle Speeches, and said, *Lenon, be wise; the Lady you have no Right to. I saw and loved her first; she answered my Love, and refused*

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refused yours. Free Minds are not to be compelled. I have done you no Injury in this ; but if you conceive I have, I will lay aside Majesty, descend from my Throne, and in single Combate try my Right with you to the Lady. Haughty Lenon, hereupon weary of Life, after such a Loss, threw down his Gantlet, in sign of Challenge, and the King as boldly answered it with his: But Artesia and the Nobles would fain have prevented the Fight, as now unequal, and that a Prince in a Throne ought not to hazard his Life against a Man desperate and in despair. But he told them his Honour was more to him than his Crown, and all things in the World, but his beloved Artesia, of whom he was not worthy, if now his Valour should slack; and so no Entreaties nor Rivers of her Tears prevailing, the Lists were prepared, and both were allowed equal Armour and Weapons ; when bravely mounted, upon the Signal of the Trumpets found, they entred ; their Launces



at the first Encounter shivered in the Air, and neither of them thrown from his Horse ; then returning furiously, they drew their Swords, and layed on mighty Stroaks, till Lenon's Helmet bursting, the next Blow entred his Brain and took his Life : At which a mighty Shout arose ; but Ornatus grew sad that he had slain him, and caused him to be buried, and a stately Monument erected over him, with this Epitaph :

**U**nhappy Youth, whom too much Love destroy'd,  
 Beauty at once must be by one enjoy'd :  
 Rivals in Love proceed to fatal Fars,  
 Perish in Combats or in bloody Wars.

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*One must, whilst the Survivor gains the Prize  
By such lamented Fate this young Man dies.*

His Funeral Solemnity being over, the Coronation went on with great Splendour; and when the Crown was placed upon *Ornatius's* Head, he took it off and placed it on *Artesia's*, who sat on another Throne by him, saying, *Most Noble Phrygians, behold your Queen, whose Beauty, Constancy, and many other Vertues, deserve this Diadem.* With this they were all well pleased; and the Ceremony being over, great Sports and Feasting held for ten Days, to the high Contentment of the whole Kingdom, so that such mighty Joy never before spread it self in that Land; then he married *Artesia* with great Pomp.

*Ornatius* after this, betook himself carefully to the settling of Affairs, and did Justice to all, as well Poor as Rich; and in the happy Enjoyment of his fair Lady, was blessed with many beautiful Children,



which gave them Joy and Comfort: And so after a Tempest of Toils and Troubles they possessed the sweet Quiet and Content True Lovers expect and deserve, living many Years together, flourishing, and enlarging their Borders, being loved and feared far and near.

*And thus after a Tempest, Calm is found;  
Love after Bitter is with Sweetness crown'd:  
Then Lovers don't despair at first, but try,  
Tho' Fortune frowns, she will not Smiles deny.*

F I N I S.



